LASTING GOOD ITS AIM.

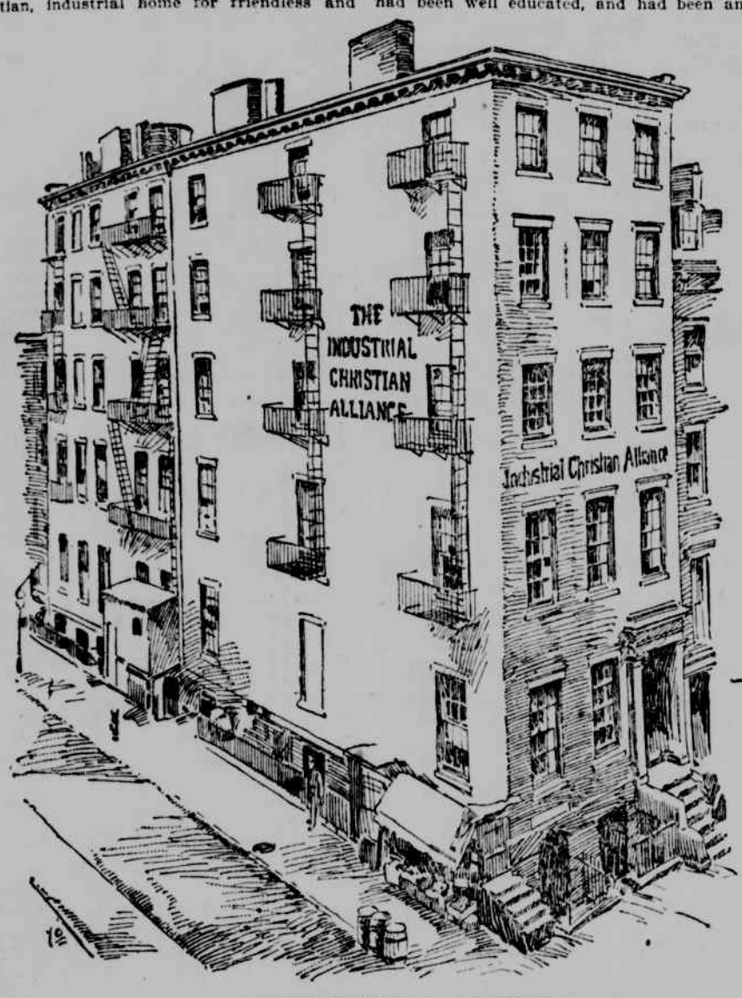
HOW THE CHRISTIAN ALLIANCE GIVES MEN A NEW START.

OUTCASTS OF WHOM IT HAS MADE SELF-RESPECTING CITIZENS—TRUST THAT IS SELDOM MISPLACED — ARTHUR W. MILBURY'S PART IN THE INSTITUTION.

A plain brick building five stories high stands at the southwest corner of Bleecker and Sullivan sts. It was once a dwelling, and in the days when A. T. Stewart occupied one of the houses in Depau Row, just across Sullivan-st., this building was one of the notable old houses of the city. Its mahogany doors and carved Italian mantels still indicate the glories of departed days, when rich, interior finish and substantial, though plain, exterior, were characteristic of the best class of New-York's dwellings.

This building is now the headquarters of the Industrial Christian Alliance, the only organization of its kind in the city. Through the intelligent zeal of Arthur W. Milbury, the active founder and manager, the Alliance was incorporated in November, 1891, and, after having a small home in Macdougal-st. for a year and a half, it took up its present quarters, known as No. 170 Bleecker-st.

The purposes of the Alliance are tersely set forth in the following words: "A temporary, Christian, industrial home for friendless and fallen men. The only requisites for admission are a desire to lead a better life, and willingness to work. The man who will not work when work is offered is not regarded as a helpable case, and will not be received."



INDUSTRIAL CHRISTIAN ALLIANCE.

WHAT IS DONE AND HOW.

This purpose of the Alliance is still more compactly summed up in its motto, "Helping men to help themselves." A clear idea of the working of the institution may be got through a talk with Mr. Milbury, a tall and splendid specimen of the athletic Christian, a man of unwearying energy and pronounced convictions. In his plainly furnished office on the first floor of the building Mr. Milbury gave the following account, the other day, of the Alliance and what it has accomplished:

"There are three features of the Alliance to which I wish to call attention. First, this is the only place of its kind in the city. Second, it is for homeless and friendless men. Third, we do not concern ourselves with race or creed. We do not care what religious label a man wears, so long as he has a desire in his heart to do right.

"Some five years ago a few men who had been interested in 'rescue' work determined that the methods then existing were too spasmodic to be effectual in reclaiming men. It was necessary to do more than to give a man a night's lodging, an occasional meal and an exhortation. It was decided that a temporary home and employment were essential in the process of putting a homeless and friendless man on his feet. Hence the Alliance and the opening of a headquarters.

"The word 'industrial' was placed in the title to keep away the men who would rather beg than work. It has been effective. The assertion, however, that such men as we set out to help would not work was disproved from the outset. The men who applied were set to work to put the Macdougal-st. house in order. They worked faithfully in a house that was not heated, and in a winter month. Soon after this a broom factory was opened in a neighboring loft. That industry is still kept going, and the superintendent is one of the rescued men. The work is light, and easily learned.

"When these men first come to us they are weak from illness, privation or dissipation, and can do only light work. From the broom industry we have developed the manufacture of brushes, pails, feather-dusters, carpet-sweepers, washing machines, wringers and many other articles. These are of superior quality, and are sold at the ordinary market price.

THEY ARE FAITHFUL WORKERS.

"We supply men, too, for all sorts of odd jobs, and keep an eye upon them to see how well they do their work. As an instance of what can be done with our men, last fall they distributed throughout the city 300,000 circulars for the Committee of Fifty in about thirty-six hours, and that in a fearful storm. Six of our best men were sent out to see that the work was properly done, and this without the knowledge of the others. The report was that the task had been thoroughly and conscientiously carried out. We place our men on their sense of honor, and appeal to their best instincts. That is the best way, and, in fact, the only way, to deal with them."

Before going further into details of the work Mr. Milbury gave his visitor an opportunity to go through the building. The basement is used for a People's Five-Cent Restaurant, as it is called. This is one of nine restaurants of the kind opened by the alliance in the winter of 1893-94. The five-cent meal consists of a good supply of hot meat stew, coffee and bread, all of good quality and well cooked.

On the first floor are the offices of the Alliance and a chapel at the rear. Services are held in the chapel nightly, and at least twice a week each employe is expected to be present, although the attendance is not compulsory. A midday service of music and prayer is also held. This lasts only ten minutes.

The second floor is used for tailor, shoemaker and carpenter shops. On the third floor are sitting, reading and writing rooms, a library and the living-rooms of the superintendent, housekeeper and librarian. The two upper rooms are used for dormitories, bath and wash rooms. Each bathroom contains a small laundry tub, where a man with only one undershirt, one pair of socks or one handkerchief can do his own washing at night and have it dry in the morning. The building will accommodate about one hundred men, while the same number are employed and housed in other buildings used by the Alliance. The principal one of these other buildings is at Chatham Square.

PIGSTY AND CHICKEN-COOP.

This Bleecker-st. building was also renovated by the employes of the Alliance. When it was taken there were more than sixty Italian families in it. A man with a pig and chickens occupied a bedroom on the top floor. The surroundings were those of abject squalor, and the mahogany doors and carved fireplaces seemed strangely out of place.

The men who are helped by the Alliance come and go. Their average sojourn is about fifty-two days. The man who comes with a recommendation from some well-known person has no advantage over the poor fellow who relies solely upon himself. Speaking of some of these men, Mr. Milbury continued: "At our first Christmas, a man appeared who was poorly clad and who was hungry. I repeat his own words: 'When I came they did not ask me if I was a Christian, but if I was hungry. I was, and they gave me a square meal. Afterward they inquired all about my life and what causes had led to my condition. Then the prospects of a better life were placed before me. I was put on my feet, and since then I have tried to lead a Christian life.'

"This man was born of a good English family, had been well educated, and had been an officer in the English Navy. But he had finally drifted to the lowest lodging-houses. We gave him an opportunity, and to-day he has entire charge of the broom factory, the purchase of raw material, the manufacturing and selling of brooms and the collecting of the money. Under his management our broom business has developed to between $25,000 and $30,000 last year. He has charge of collections of between $50,000 and $60,000 in all, and only $2 40 has been lost in that time. That occurred through a collector who was trusted, but who preferred $2 40 to a chance for his life.

"One miserable man, who was a pitiable object, had tramped all the way from Texas when he came to us. He was a drunkard. But he was a chemist and had had a German university education. We gave him a chance, he reformed and we secured him a place as chemist in the largest manufacturing laboratory in the United States. On Thanksgiving Day, 1894, he called to say that he could not stay for dinner, since he was going to eat his Thanksgiving dinner with his family. He had saved money enough to bring to this country his family, whom he had left in Germany thirteen years before. He still holds his position as one of the most trusted men of the corporation.

SOME DISAPPOINTMENTS.

"When a man comes here, it is to become a new man. This is not a reformatory. We simply bridge the man over. Many men prove treacherous and ungrateful. They are generally the ones who have had the most aid. But in all this human wreckage there are instances like those mentioned which repay all our labors. All the employes in our offices, except the superintendent, are men who have been rescued. They had all filled positions of trust before."

The big scrap-book kept by Mr. Milbury and the records of the Alliance tell an interesting story. There are statistics in the latter, but as interpreted by Mr. Milbury, they are entertaining and instructive. The scrap-book would supply material for an interesting volume. A programme in it of the Musurgia's concert of March 15, 1894, with Walter Damrosch as conductor, shows how Mr. Milbury induced that famous musical body to give the only public concert ever vouchsafed by it, when it carried out that programme at Carnegie Music Hall for the benefit of the Alliance.

The system of records shows that a man's "pedigree" and history are taken in full when he is received. Entries are made as to whether he drinks or uses tobacco, whether he has been in a penal or reformatory institution, and whether he has tried a liquor cure. Then all his mental or physical defects are noted. There are thirty-six direct questions put to the applicant, besides all the incidental ones. The first entry is made on a big sheet of brown paper, and in this the man's name appears. The record for public use contains a number instead of the man's name, so that his sensitiveness may not be offended. When a man is recommended for admission by some philanthropic person or a contributor to the fund, his record is sought from the one giving the recommendation. The scrutiny is careful and thorough.

The records show that up to December 31, last, the number of actual residents in the homes of the Alliance had been 1,486. More than the same number had been helped outside. These 1,486 had the advantage of a term of residence under the influence of the Alliance. They remained there an average of fifty-one and one-half days. Twenty-six nationalities have been represented by the 1,486 men. Of these 747 were born in the United States, but 222 of these were of foreign parentage, while 62 more had each one foreign parent. Other nationalities were represented as follows: English, 256; Irish, 193; Scotch, 84; German, 66; Swedes, 27; Canadians, 44; Persians, 1; Russians, 5; Armenians, 1. One employe came from India, although he is of English parentage. He is now a writer for periodicals.

Of the 1,486 there were 1,056 single men. There were 230 married men, and 190 widowers. There were twenty-five religious denominations represented, as follows: Protestant Episcopal, 361; Roman Catholic, 336; Methodist Episcopal, 243; Presbyterian, 210; Baptist, 94; Dunkards, 1; Primitive Methodist Episcopal, 1; Nestorian, 1; Quakers, 3; Orthodox, 1.

Of the 1,486, 40 were under twenty years old, 505 were from twenty to thirty years old, 441 from thirty-one to forty years old, 335 from forty-one to fifty years old, 133 from fifty-one to sixty years old while 32 were over sixty years old.

DRINK TO BLAME MOST OF ALL.

Among the causes of destitution and need assigned by the 1,486 there were nominally 871 who attributed their condition to alcoholic drinks. If traced back, Mr. Milbury said, it would probably be found that there were from 1,200 to 1,300 of the cases where this was the prime cause, since cases of sickness, poor health, misfortune, etc., could generally be thus accounted for. There were thirty-one different causes assigned for need. Among these are morphine, prison, old age, crime, shiftlessness, misfortune, accident, shipwreck, running away from home, family trouble and drink, quick temper, improvidence, being robbed, unsound mind, bad reputation and deafness. There were 1,185 of the 1,486 who used tobacco.

There were 206 trades and occupations represented by the 1,486. There were two artists, one of whom painted a picture in oils which is hung in the chapel. There was only one actor. Then there were the following: One doctor, twenty-one lithographers, two locomotive engineers, twelve sailors, one surveyor, one goldsmith, two opticians, three journalists, ten musicians, some of whom had studied abroad; one pianomaker, one tea-taster, seven teachers and one valet.

Wages are paid to the employes of the Alliance and what they have in return is charged to them. Speaking of this, Mr. Millbury said: "Regular wages are paid, the unit being the weekly cost to the Alliance of a man's lodging, food and laundry. An account is kept with such man, and he is credited with his services. The amount a man receives is increased on merit, the increase being paid in clothing, with a small accumulation of money paid to good men when they leave the home, to enable them to buy tools or to tide them over until they get their first wages." The number of cash gifts to the Alliance between January 24, 1891, when aid for the preliminary work began, to June 30 last was 2,568, with a total of $47,480 79. From November 1, 1895, to January 31, 1896, the number of cash gifts was 628.

FRIENDS OF THE ALLIANCE.

Mayor Strong has been one of the largest and most interested contributors to the Alliance from the first. Among the liberal contributors to the Alliance are Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Billings, Miss Julia Billings, Clarence M. Hyde, Frederick E. Hyde, Vermilye & Co., the H. B. Claflin Company, Donald Mackay, John Claflin, D. O. Mills, Ogden Mills, Samuel C. Van Dusen, Julien T. Davies, James M. Constable, Dr. Albert Shaw, Adrian Iselin, John S. Huyler, Joseph S. Auerbach, Roswell P. Flower, W. J. Scheiffelin, Anson Phelps Stokes, J. G. Phelps-Stokes, W. A. Read, W. F. Cochran, John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Hugh O'Neill, Solomon Sayles, R. R. Bowker, H. B. Silliman, Alfred S. Lascelles, R. G. Dun, John Gibb, Simon Borg, George F. Vietor, Cornelius N. Bliss, Mrs. Van Wyck Brinckerhoff, Elbert A. Brinckerhoff, C. P. Huntington, D Stuart Dodge, Richard W. Stevenson and William Colgate.

Speaking, in closing, of the methods employed in inducing the men to lead better lives, Mr. Milbury said: "I have sent out men whom I had never seen before to collect sums of from $50 to $100. I simply pointed out to them that if they should steal the money it would soon be gone and they would be in the same predicament as before. I showed them how it paid to be honest. I appealed to their common sense. The prime influence in our work is spiritual. A man who goes out from here with the same passions and appetites with which he entered is pretty sure to fall into the old ways. Therefore, we aim to send him forth with new hopes, new purposes and with spiritual strength. We attempt in every way, to return to our motto, to help these men to help themselves."

The officers and trustees of the Alliance are James G. Beemer, president; John S. Huyler, vice-president; James E. Ware, treasurer; Arthur W. Milbury, secretary; Andrew J. Robinson, William Justus Boies, W. R. George, Henry H. Pike and George W. Taylor.

FOREIGN NAVAL NOTES.

The new second-class cruiser Eclipse, of the British Navy, has recently undergone a successful trial in which she attained a speed above what had been calculated. At her forced-draught trial she was forced ahead at a rate of more than 20 knots an hour. She was drawing only 20 feet 2 inches of water, however, whereas her draught will undoubtedly be almost 22 feet when she is loaded for service. Apropos of this fact, a writer in an English paper remarks that "it would cost but little extra trouble, and would certainly be more satisfactory, if every ship before going on trial were brought down to her commissioned load lines." On this vessel experiments were made in communicating between the fore bridge and the engine-room by means of the homacoustic voice pipe, and good results were attained.

A new 5,600-ton ship, the Isis, was launched at Govan not long ago for the British Navy, and it is said that she is to be fitted up in such a way that she may be used as an admiral's flagship.

The Albatross, which the Messrs. Thornycroft are building, is to go at a rate of 32 knots an hour, but the Messrs. Laird, of Birkenhead, guaranteed to produce a torpedo-boat destroyer which shall make a speed of 33 knots an hour, or 38 miles.

A heavy man-of-war would find it impossible to overhaul one of the so-called "ocean greyhounds," merchant vessels such as several nations have subsidized for use in emergencies of war, and the fact is evidently furnishing thought to some Englishmen, who see with dismay other nations getting control of the speedy vessels. But a writer calls attention to the fact that the value of such refitted ships may easily be overestimated, for the reason that even in war there must be steamers to carry mail and do other necessary business. The one great object, in fact, of the ships of the British Navy would be to keep the seas open so that the merchant ships might carry on their commerce without interruption. A book recently written by some officers of the British Navy speaks of this thus: "We believe. . . . that it is generally forgotten how three out of every four living beings in these islands are fed and clothed by provisions and goods brought over the sea, and that the annual food supply alone amounts to 11,000,000 tons weight. Do what you can by striking off luxuries, you cannot get rid of more than 1,000,000 tons a year, leaving 10,000,000 tons weight of actual necessities—over 800,000 a month, 200,000 tons in any one week; a slight check to this supply runs up prices to starvation point for millions of people. . . . If possession of the sea is wrested from us the stoppage of the food supply must reduce the country to terms in a very short time; when invasion becomes possible it is unnecessary."

There has been some talk lately about the scarcity of stokers in the British Navy. The manning of ships for the naval manœuvres has so reduced the number of available stokers, engineers and seamen that it is said to be doubtful whether enough can be found to take the Venus out for her steam trials. New ships are being constructed rapidly, but the supply of stokers does not keep pace with the needs of the service.

The Spanish Navy is to be increased. The increase is contemplated along several lines. For one thing a big 11,000-ton battleship, to cost about $4,400,000, it is thought of, then two 6,800-ton cruisers are planned for and two torpedo-boat destroyers. The Pelayo, built in 1887 at La Seyne Ironworks, it is proposed to fit out with rapid-firing guns, and it is proposed to change the frigate Numancia, built at the same place in 1863, into a floating battery.

The Russian naval strength, too, is to be increased by five new vessels. These are required to make 19.5 knots an hour, and are to belong to the Russian volunteer fleet. This fleet is a formidable part of the Russian Black Sea forces, for it can pass freely in and out of the Dardanelles. It carries no guns mounted, but it is said that now the ships always have heavy guns in the hold, where they can easily be got at.

DIPHTHERIA IN MORRISANIA.

The existence of diphtheria in Morrisania was reported to the Health Board Friday, and the health officers went to No. 551 Brook-ave., a tenement-house, and took Emma, Rose and Bertha Kaiser, respectively twelve, eight and six years old, to the Willard Parker Hospital. The parents of the children were at first unwilling to let them go, but the presence of a few policemen from the Thirty-third precinct brought about a ready submission.

WELL STOCKED WITH GOVERNORS.

THEY ARE AS THICK IN MONTANA AS COLONELS IN THE SOUTH.

From The Helena Independent.

"Helena has a larger stock of Governors on hand than any capital city in the United States that I can think of," was the observation of Judge Gilbert to an acquaintance, during his visit to this city on receivership matters connected with the Northern Pacific Railroad. Judge Gilbert hadn't been in the city a great while before he met one Governor in the courtroom.

"Judge Gilbert," said a friend, "permit me to introduce our friend, Governor Leslie."

"Governor of Montana?" inquired Judge Gilbert with a questioning elevation of one eyebrow.

"Not now," said the friend, without going further into details. "And here," he added, turning to another of the interested spectators in the courtroom, "is Governor Toole."

"He is the Governor?" said Judge Gilbert, but without omitting the question point.

"Used to be," answered the friend. "This is Governor Carpenter, Judge Gilbert."

"He?"

"Was," the other answered him, anticipating his query. "This is Governor Rotkin."

Judge Gilbert did not speak, but he looked inquiringly around and some one ventured to explain:

"Lieutenant-Governor, you see."

"Ah!" was the brief reply to that.

When the court adjourned Judge Gilbert went to his hotel. On the way there the party stopped at the First National Bank, where Governor Hauser was introduced to him. In the afternoon they dropped into the courthouse and visited the State offices. There was another experience of the same kind for Judge Gilbert there.

"This is Governor Tooker," said one of the members, as they passed through the office of the clerk and Recorder.

And even then Judge Gilbert did not meet the Governor of the State, for that official was out of the city on official business at the capital of the Nation.

"I met some very pleasant men during my stay there," he said, as he departed the next afternoon, "and the impression I carry with me is that they were mostly Governors."

TRAGEDIES OF THE SEA.

GREWSOME HISTORIES RECALLED BY THE HERBERT FULLER MURDERS.

HORRIBLE CRIMES COMMITTED ON THE GOOD SHIPS WILLIAM HALES, ANNIE M. SMULL, FREEMAN CLARK, FRANK U. THAYER, THE MARINER AND OTHERS.

Once more the ocean has furnished one of those absorbing and thrilling tales which cause landsmen to shudder and make mothers, wives and sweethearts more than ever anxious for the safety of those afloat. The little American barkentine Herbert Fuller, creeping into the harbor of Halifax on Tuesday morning last, with her boat towed by a line at the stern, conveying the bodies of her captain and his wife and the second mate of the vessel, added another chapter to the grewsome record of death which is so familiar to those whose business connects them with the sea or takes them out on the bosom of the waters. The mystery of the whole affair only adds to its terrible nature, and whether that mystery is ever unravelled or not, there will always be a thrill of horror when the picture of the little bark and her trailing boat comes before the eye of the mind. Sailors, as a class, are a happy-go-lucky sort of people, and it is doubtful if the lesson conveyed in the story of the Fuller is heeded by shipmasters any more than dozens of similar stories have been. But the lesson is there, and to the landsman it is incomprehensible that a man should take his wife with him on a vessel, separated from a gang of men of whom they know nothing by the short length of a ship's deck, and often with officers of whom they know little more than they do of the crew, and neglect even the ordinary precautions looking toward security while slumber has them in its grasp. On shore, doors and windows, even in quiet country settlements, where the most danger is to be expected from an occasional prowling tramp, are barred and bolted, and ingress to the sleeping apartments is rendered difficult to any persons save those who make a business of entering other people's apartments. On board ship all is different. At one end of the vessel is the crew, generally with some rough, half-vicious men, penned in the forecastle when they are "below," of widely divergent nationalities, their passions under no control save that of fear, and bound by the mutual interest of getting all they can for the least return, and an enduring, although often unfounded, dislike of the men who live aft. At the stern of the ship are the officers, and if the captain has his wife with him there is an added element of danger in case the men are inclined to take exceptions to their food or their treatment, or are just "spoiling for a fight," and are only waiting for a chance to "get back" at the men whom they consider their natural enemies. Should the men wish to take advantage of the preponderance of numbers and make way with the officers who are running the ship, there is little to hinder them. The doors leading to the main deck are never locked, and in the night the officer in charge of the deck is generally on the quarter deck, unless his presence is required elsewhere, and the boy who stands at the door on the main deck to keep tab on the time is not often capable of offering any forcible resistance to the sudden attack of a body of armed men bent on mischief.

THE TRAGEDY ON THE WILLIAM HALES.

The history of the merchant marine of the United States and England is flecked with gore, and ship after ship has added her quota to the slowly increasing list of tragedies of the sea, without any change being made in a condition of affairs which practically invites attack, and leaves the means of defence to be seized at a time when they are most needed in a haphazard sort of way which seldom serves to avert disaster. Less than four years ago the cable brought the message that the American bark William Hales had been the scene of a tragedy which cost three lives while the vessel was on her way from this city to Cape Town. In this case Captain Charles Buckley and his wife were murdered by the Chinese cook, who afterward jumped overboard. The captain had occasion to remonstrate with the cook for his incompetency, but nothing serious occurred until August 19, 1892, when they had a quarrel over the bungling way in which the cook had drawn some water. After this incident the cook appeared to be meditating revenge on the captain, and the mate finally warned the captain that he feared the Chinaman intended to do mischief. Captain Buckley laughed at the mate's warning, paid no attention to the cook, and on the morning of August 21 the mate was startled at hearing Mrs. Buckley screaming for help. He rushed to the cabin which the captain and his wife occupied to give them assistance, and as he descended the companionway the cook rushed on deck. In their cabin the mate found the mutilated bodies of Captain Buckley and his wife, the bloodthirsty cook having hacked their bodies into halves. The mate called for the crew to help him in finding the murderer, who had hid after leaving the cabin. The search proceeded with caution, as the men had a wholesome fear of the weapon with which the cook was armed, a long, sharp knife. He was found crouching in a corner, but before the crew could put into execution their plan to seize him the Chinaman jumped from his hiding place, and, with a wild cry, sprang to the vessel's rail and thence headlong into the sea. That was the last of the Chinaman. The bodies of the captain and his wife were consigned to the ocean, and the Hales, after reaching Cape Town under command of Morrison, the mate, was brought back to this port by Captain Gilkey, who was sent out to Cape Town by her owners, and afterward engaged in the peaceful occupation of running between this port and Cuba.

THE ANNIE M. SMULL'S CHINESE COOK.

Another of the sea's tragedies, this time also connected with a vessel well known in New-York marine circles, was the attempt of the Chinese cook and steward of the Annie M. Smull to murder Captain Howes and his wife, while the vessel was on her way from Trapani to Boston, in March, 1892. The two Chinamen had shipped in New-York for the voyage to Marseilles, Trapani and back, but before the trip was ended the steward had become insane from the use of opium, and was put in irons and confined between decks after an attempt at suicide. Intercession by the Chinese cook brought about his release, but after a few days of sulking he again attempted to kill himself and was again placed in irons. A short time afterward he was again liberated, but a night or two later was found in the mate's room armed with a hatchet, while the officer was asleep. He had previously been in the captain's cabin, but on the wife's awakening had gone out.

The captain then began to have suspicions that a conspiracy was on foot, and armed himself with a revolver, forbidding the steward to come into the cabin again, and taking the boy aft to do the cabin work. The next day the mate came rushing into the cabin with the information that the steward had turned his murderous rage to the cook and was killing his companion in the galley. The officers of the ship and the watch on deck made a rush for the galley, broke in the door and found the men on the floor, and the steward, with a knife and butcher's axe, busily engaged in cutting the cook into small pieces. The cook was rescued, and after his wounds were dressed told the officers of the designs the steward had on the lives of Captain Howes and his wife, and said that because he would not enter into the plot to kill them, but was willing to kill the other officers and the crew, the steward tried to get him out of the way. The steward afterward committed suicide and was buried at sea.

THE MURDER ON THE FREEMAN CLARK.

A little further off in time, but much nearer home in point of interest, was the case of the ship Freeman Clark, which arrived in New-York on June 17, 1882, from Calcutta in charge of the first mate, William Williams. The story brought in by this ship was one of promiscuous fighting, in which three lives were sacrificed as a result of the rage of a Chinese steward at being deprived of his usual allowance of opium. Mate Williams reported that on the morning of May 27, while the ship was in latitude 29 north and longitude 50 west, the captain, James S. Dwight, of Springfield, Mass., was attacked by the steward while he was asleep in bed. The Chinaman was armed with a hatchet, and the captain was so horribly mutilated that he died almost instantly, and before an alarm could be given. While the steward was at his awful work, the cook, also a Chinaman, rushed into the cabin occupied by the mate and attacked him. That officer, however, succeeded in alarming the crew. Then came deep trouble for the Chinamen. They were armed, but the crew made weapons of belaying pins, capstan bars and anything else that came handy, and made haste to rid the ship of the food purveyors. Some of the men had been overcome by fear and had sought shelter in the rigging, but they were soon induced by their comrades to come down and take a hand in the fight, and the result was that before long the two Chinamen were beaten out of all semblance to human beings and their bodies tossed overboard to the sharks. This ship, which was consigned to Vernon H. Brown & Co., tied up at the Pierrepont Stores, in Brooklyn, on arrival here, and was one of the sights of the water front until she got away to sea again.

MUTINY ON THE FRANK N. THAYER.

With all the brutal savagery of the stories occasionally brought in from the sea, it is doubtful if there is one recorded which has a more surprising combination of devilish courage, abject cowardice and undaunted pluck and nerve than that which The Tribune gave to the world early in 1886. The story of the mutiny on board the American ship Frank N. Thayer, the murder of three of the crew and two officers, and the frightful wounds inflicted on Captain Robert K. Clarke, followed by the firing of the ship and the escape of the captain and his wife and daughter and the survivors of the crew in an open boat, which finally reached St. Helena, sent a shudder through the civilized world, and was the occasion of newspaper stories and investigations almost without number. Captain Clarke will never recover from the effects of that terrible fight; but he is still connected with the sea, serving as shore captain for the ships that are left of the fleet to which the Thayer belonged. He has a charming home in Port Chester, where the brave woman who saved him from death and the little daughter who was on the vessel during the awful affair, but who is now a stately young lady of twenty years, do all they can to blot out the memory of the tragedy.

The ship, which was owned by Edward Lawrence, of Boston, and was laden with 10,000 bales of hemp, valued at over $250,000, sailed from Manila for New-York in November, 1885, carrying a crew of twenty-two men, including two Malays and two Chinamen. The Malays were Manila men, shipped at the last moment to take the places of two men who had decided to remain in the Philippine Islands, and they were the ones who committed the crimes. There was nothing remarkable about the voyage until the night of January 2, 1886, when the ship was about seven hundred miles southeast of St. Helena. The captain had gone below and fallen asleep, and every soul on board, except those two bloodthirsty savages from Manila, was free from any thought of danger or suspicion. It was this feeling of security which was a fatal circumstance, for to it may be traced the panic and bewilderment which unnerved the crew so that they were the victims of the two wretches who had been their messmates for more than two months. In "The St. Helena Guardian," James A. MacKnight, who was then the American Consul at St. Helena, gave the following account of the happenings of that night and those which followed:

"The two mates (E. Holmes and W. Davis) were sitting on the after hatch talking, when the two coolies came along, one of them saying he was sick. At the first word spoken they fell on the mates with sharp knives in each hand, cutting them both to death, the second mate being able after the blow to run to the cabin door and call, 'Captain Clarke, Captain Clarke,' twice before he fell dead, and the mate dying in the forecastle three hours later. Captain Clarke sprang from his bed, and half-asleep started up the after companionway, thinking the mate had called him to see a vessel which was ahead in the evening, and which they had been afraid they might overhaul. As soon as he reached the top of the steps he received a stab on the top of the head and felt a hand grab him by the throat. He was in his nightclothes and empty handed, but seeing the murderous intent of his antagonist, and that he was one of the coolies, he struck out with all his might, hitting the murderer in the eyes and temporarily blinding him so that he could not see to strike. The Malay continued to hack at the captain with his knife, however, till they went down the steps together, where the captain would have overcome him had he not slipped in a pool of his own blood and fallen to the floor. The coolie then gave him a terrible slash in the left side, and, thinking he was dead, went up the steps to the deck. The captain was not dead however, but obtained a revolver and again approached the door, calling to the man at the wheel, a sailor named Malone, to shut the outside door at the head of the companionway. 'I can't, sir,' was the reply. 'Why not?' demanded the captain. 'There's somebody there, sir,' replied Malone. 'Who is it?' asked the captain, but the man could not tell him."

NOW COME THE GREWSOME DETAILS.

This was only the beginning of the struggle, and the remainder of the story tells how the captain, returning to the forward part of the cabin, found the second mate dead on the floor, and one of the sailors, so paralyzed by fear that all he could do was to beg the captain to hide him from the Malays. Captain Clarke did not know whether the man was to be trusted, and told him to go away, and the craven then locked himself into the bathroom, where the Malay from whom he was escaping found him and tried to induce him to open the door. He would not, and the next thing was an attack on the man at the wheel, who was stabbed and thrown overboard while still yelling for help. A moment after this one of the murderers smashed in one of the cabin windows, and as he was about to enter through the aperture the captain fired two shots, striking one of the men in the foot and putting them to flight. Then, with the doors and windows barricaded, Captain Clarke was placed in a corner where he could command all the entrances to the little fort, and his wife began to dress his wounds. His head and face were almost hacked to pieces, and from that terrible wound in the left side the lower lobe of his lung protruded nearly four inches. With the coolness and courage born of desperation, she pushed the lung back into place and sewed up the wound with a needle and thread, and stopped the bleeding which was rapidly taking away the captain's life.

All this time they were entirely ignorant as to who were engaged in the mutiny or what had caused it, and expected at every moment that the cabin door would be forced and the murderous work completed. In the mean time affairs at the forecastle were by no means peaceful. Holmes, the mate, had reached there and told the men that one of the East Indians had cut him all to pieces. Six of the men made a sortie with capstan bars as weapons, but four of the party were stabbed to death, two escaping, one to the rigging and the other to the bathroom. All this had taken less than half an hour, and then the Malays barricaded the forecastle door from the outside. Having made both ends of the ship secure from the decks, the Malays next turned their attention to E. Boothke, the carpenter, and the man on the lookout, whom they butchered, and then they had the decks to themselves, save for the Chinese cook, Ah Say, who was worse than useless, and he they imprisoned in his galley. The next day, Sunday, the captain fired a few shots through the skylight of the cabin in the hope of hitting the mutineers and attracting the attention of the men who might be faithful to the ship.

DAYS OF HORRIBLE SUSPENSE.

The day and the night passed, and on Monday morning, the water in the cabin being exhausted, the captain made his way to the bathroom, where the cowardly sailor had taken refuge, and then learned for the first time that the ship was at the mercy of two half wild Malays. The captain then determined to make a desperate effort to regain control of his vessel, but the Malays had prepared for battle, and had built a barricade on the roof of the forecabin and armed themselves with harpoons and javelins made by lashing knives to the ends of long poles. The sailors, by order of the captain, kept up such a fusillade of revolver shots that the Malays were finally dislodged from their breastworks, and the captain, firing through the cabin to where he knew they were standing, struck one of them, wounding him so badly that he ran to the forward part of the ship, and, after putting a plank overboard, went over himself. Then a man who had been concealed in the upper rigging came down to the deck, the captain having forced open the companionway, and the sailor who was with him reaching the deck through the skylight, the men in the forecastle were released.

While the men were rejoicing over their release, smoke was seen coming from the after-hatch where the mates had been killed, and it was found that the companion of the Malay who had jumped overboard had secreted himself there and set fire to the hemp. The crew did all that was possible to fight the fire, but without avail, and while they were running a line of hose into the hatch the Malay came out with a jump and went overboard. The ship was doomed, and after one boat had been swamped by the men who had been assigned to it all hands were crowded into another boat, and after rigging a sail of blankets on a mast made of three durs lashed together, the captain pointed the nose of the little vessel for St. Helena, 700 miles away, and finally reached the island. He and his wife and child reached the United States by steamer, and the sailors were cared for by the authorities.

For dramatic completeness, grim romance, and heart-freezing terror, there are few tales of the sea which equal that of the Frank N. Thayer, as there are few which reflect so much credit on the noble qualities of one sea captain's wife, for there can be little doubt that with the death of Captain Clarke the terrible story would never have been told, and the loss of the Thayer would have been put down as one of those mysteries of which the annals of the sea are full.

THE MURDER ON THE BRIG MARINER.

Almost the only case known where an officer was killed by a member of the crew and the murderer escaped punishment is that recorded of the little brig Mariner, which was on a sugar voyage from St. Thomas to this port in the same year that the Thayer mutiny occurred. J. C. Lewis, the first mate, and Frank Jakileta, a Russian seaman, had a quarrel which developed into a fight, in which the sailor had the better part until the mate promised to let him alone. As soon as he was released from the grip of the Russian, Lewis grabbed a belaying pin and rushed at the sailor, who made a motion as if to draw a knife. Bang came the belaying pin over Jakileta's head. Then out came the knife. There was a swish and a slash, and Lewis, with his jugular vein severed, fell to the deck, dead. The struggle was over before the rest of the men could interfere. Jakileta was disarmed, but, as the vessel was short-handed, he was compelled to keep at work. Mrs. Wharton, the wife of the captain, John Wharton, of Portland, read the burial service, and the body of the mate was buried at sea. On the arrival of the brig in port, Jakileta was at once taken before Commissioner Shields, and, as the Grand Jury was in session, the case was quickly disposed of. The prisoner's story was corroborated, the plea that he acted in self-defence was accepted and he was set at liberty.

KILLED ALL EXCEPT THE MATE.

About nine years ago a Russian schooner, the Johannes, while on a voyage from Riga to England, furnished a frightful example of what one man can do on board a ship. Ian Umb, a sailor, had been caught robbing his shipmates, and after the officers and men had finished chastising him, Ian jumped overboard. He was rescued, and after that his life on the vessel was by no means a pleasant one. A few nights afterward, when he was at the wheel, the captain found fault with his steering and struck him with a rope's end. Ian got in a rage, took a stick of wood and knocked the captain down, and also the man who had relieved him at the wheel. Then he went to the lookout and killed him. After this he called the other watch, consisting of three men, out of the forecastle, and killed them one by one. Some of the men were not entirely dead when he threw them overboard. A boy on board, a relative of the master, was then thrown overboard by the enraged Russian. Then he gathered all the jewelry and money he could find, took the captain's watch, throwing its owner overboard, and then, with an axe in his hand, went down into the cabin to kill the mate and get his money. The mate showed fight, and the Russian went on deck again, fastened a knife to a long pole and tried to stab the mate through the cabin windows. This failed, and he then soaked a rope in petroleum and threw it into the cabin windows, following it with a copious supply of oil, intending to burn the vessel and the mate. While he was engaged at the after end of the cabin, the mate, bleeding from his wounds, escaped from the forward end, and, by a flank movement, knocked the fiend down and fastened him in the mizzen rigging. A Danish steamer came along later and towed the schooner to Copenhagen, where the sailor was turned over to the Russian authorities.

AT THE MERCY OF A CRAZY MAN.

The story brought in by Captain Fritz, of the ship Granite State, some ten years ago, is another remarkable instance of the devilry one man may be responsible for on board a ship at sea. The ship was at the mercy of a crazy Spaniard for two days and nights, and, to add to the terror of the situation, she was loaded with kerosene oil in cases, and the man was intrenched in the hold behind a barricade of the cases, and was fully prepared to set fire to the ship before being captured. In the efforts to capture him Captain Fritz was severely wounded by a knife fastened to the end of a shovel handle, and while the crew was wasting ammunition in a vain attempt to reach the man with a shot he waited behind his barricade and when the firing ceased began his work of slashing those of his shipmates who were within reach of his terrible weapon. On the third attempt to dislodge him there was no resistance, and it was found that he had cut his own throat with his knife. He had provided a supply of biscuit and water, and had a pipe and tobacco and plenty of matches, and it was not until his body had been dropped over the side and the cargo restowed that the captain and crew of the Granite State felt easy.

Insanity was the cause of another case of death at sea, which was brought before Judge Lacombe seven years ago, when Captain Justus A. Bailey and Mate Donald A. Nicholson, of the ship Southern Cross, were held in bail for having caused the death of Ah Low, the Chinese cook of the ship. In the testimony it came out that the Chinaman, in a fit of insanity, had barricaded himself in the galley, cut a hole through the deck at a place where he could reach a lot of ammunition which was in the cargo, and then, being fully equipped, began a fusillade of shots through the after window of his little fort. Attempts were made to force the door, but the cook threatened to blow up the ship, and as the hole he had made in the deck opened directly over a lot of nitro-glycerine, gunpowder, gasoline and cartridges, it was no idle threat. The captain ordered his men to protect themselves with boards from the shots of the cook and break in the door, but their attempts were unavailing, and as a last resort the captain took a heavy rifle and began firing shots at random through the door of the galley. For some time the shots were answered by the opium-crazed Chinaman, but finally the answers ceased, and when the place was entered the cook was found to be dead. The Southern Cross brought into port the galley untouched after the fight, and the doors and walls were unmistakable evidence that there had been a hot war on a small scale on board.

FOUR SAILORS HANGED FOR MURDER.

One of the most remarkable tales of murder at sea will be a fitting end to this record of the principal affairs of the kind in recent years. It is the story of the British ship Saladin, which went ashore near Country Harbor, in the Maritime Provinces, in the spring of 1844. Suspicions were aroused by the conflicting statements of those on board, and an investigation was started which revealed the facts that the Saladin had as passengers when she left Valparaiso on her homeward trip Captain Fielding and his son George and a crew of twelve men, her captain, McKenzie, and mate, Byerly. The two captains quarrelled, and Fielding incited a mutiny among the crew with the object of plundering the ship, scuttling her, and d